

HERE was a man of the Island of Hawaii whom I shall call Keawe; for the truth is, he still lives kent secret; but the place of his birth was not far from Honaunau, where the bones of Keawe the Great lie hidden in a cave. This man was poor, brave and active; he could read and write like a schoolmaster; he was a first rate mariner be-

sides, sailed for some time in the island steamers and steered a whaleboat on the Hamakua coast. At length it came in Keawe's mind to have a sight of the great world and foreign cities, and he shipped on a vessel bound to San Francisco.

This is a fine town with a fine harbor and rich people uncountable, and in particular there is one hill which is covered with palaces. Upon this hill Keawe was one day taking a walk with his pocket full of money, viewing the great houses upon either band with pleasure. "What fine houses there are!" he was thinking, "and how happ; must these peo-ple be who dwell in them and take no care for the morrow." The thought was in his mind when he came abreast of a house that was smaller than some others, but all finished and beautified like a toy; the steps of that house shone like silver, and the borders of the garden bloomed like gariands; and the windows were bright like diamonds; and keawe stopped and wondered at the excellence of all he saw. So, stopping, he was aware of a man that looked forth upon him through a window so clear that Keawe could see him as you see a fish in a pool upon the reef. The man was elderly, with a bald head and a black beard; and his face was heavy with sorrow, and he bitterly sighed. And the truth of it is that as Keawe looked in upon the man and the man looked out upon Keawe, each envied the other.

All of a sudd-n the man smiled and nodded, and beckoned Keawe to enter, and met him in the door of the house.

"This is a fine house of mine," said the man, and history sched "Wandaway rot was to view. morrow." The thought was in his mind when he "This is a fine house of mine," said the man, and bitterly sighed. "Would you not care to view the chambers?"

So he led Keawe all over it from the cellar to the roof and there was nothing there that was not perfect of its kind, and Keawe was astonished.

"Truly," said Keawe, "this is the beautiful house. If I lived in the like of it I should be laughing all day long: how comes it, then, that you should be sighing?"

"There is no research."

day long: how comes it, then, that you should be sighing?"

"There is no reason." said the man, "why you for the property of the man and the said finer if you wish. You have some meney, I suppose?"

"I have \$50." said Keawe, "but a house like this will cost more than \$50."

The man made a computation. "I am sorry you have no more," said he, "for it may raise you trouble in the future, but it shall be yours at \$50."

"The house?" asked Keawe.
"No, not the house," replied the man, "but the bottle. For I must tell you, although I appear to you so rich and fortunate, all my fortune, and this house itself and its garden, came out of a bottle not mach bigger than a pint. This is it."

And he opened a lock "ast place and he took out a round bellied bottle with a long neck. The glass of it was white like milk, with changing rainbow



"THIS LOOKS LIEE THE TRUTH," SAID NAEWE. rolors in the grain; withinside something ob-sourcely moved, like a shadow and a fire.

"This is the bottle," said the man; and when feawe laughed. "You do not believe me?" be added. "Try, then, for yourself. See if you can break!"

added. "Try, then, for yourself. See if you can break it."

So Keawe took the bottle up and dashed it on the floor till he was weary, but it jumped on the floor like a child's ball, and was not injured.

"This is a strange thing," said Keawe; "for by the touch of it, as well as by the look, the bottle should be of glass."

"Of glass it is," replied the man, sighing more heavily than ever, "but the glass of it was tempered in the flames of hell. An implives in it, and that is the shadow we behold there moving; or so I suppose. If any man buys this bottle, the imp is at his command; all that he desires, love, fame, money, houses like this house, ay, or a city like this city, all are his at the word uttered. Napoleon had this bottle, and by it he grew to be the king of the world, but he sold it at the last and fell. Captain Gook had this bottle, and by it he found his way to so many islands; but he too, sold it, and was sisin upon Hawaii. For once it is sold the power goes and the protection; and unless a man remain content with what he has, ill will befall him."

"And vat you talk of selling it yourself?" Keawa And yet you talk of selling it yourself?" Keawe

"And yet you talk of selling it yourself?" Keawe said,
"I nave all I wish, and I am growing elderly," replied the man. "There is one thing the imp cannot do: he cannot prolong life; and it would not be fair to conceal from you there is a drawback to the bottle; for if a man dies before he sells it he must burn in hell forever."

"To be sure that is a drawback and no mistake," cried Keawe. "I would not meddle with the thing. I can do without a house, thank God; but there is one thing I could not be doing with one particle, and that is to be damned."

"Dear me, you must not run away with things," returned the man. "All you have to do is to use the power of the imp in moderation, and then sell it to some else as I do to you and finish your life in comfort."

"Well, I observe two things," said Keawe. "All

returned the man. "All you have to do is to use the power of the imp in moderation, and then sell it to some else as I do to you and finish your life in comfort."

"Well, I observe two things," said Keawe. "All the time you keep sighting like a maid in love; that is one. And for the other, you sell this bottle very cheap."

"I have told you already why I sigh," said the man. "It is because I fear my health is breaking up; and as you said yourself, to die and go to the devil is a pity for any one. As for why I sell so cheap, I must explain to you there is a peculiarity about the bottle. Long are, when the devil brought it first upon the earth, it was extremely expensive, and was sold first of all to Prester John for many millions of dollars; but it cannot be sold at all, unless sold at a loss. If you sell it for as much as you paid for it back it comes to you nears like a homing pigeon. It follows that the price has kept falling in these centuries, and the bottle is now remarkably cheap. I bought it myself from one of my great neighbors on this hill sand the price I paid was only \$30. It could sell it for as high as \$83.99, but not a penny dearer, or back the thing must come to me. Now, about this there are two bothers. First, when you offer a bottle so singular for eighty odd dollars people suppose you to be jesting. And accound—but there is no hurry about that and I need not go into it. Only remember it must be ceined money that you sell it for." How am I to know that this is all true?" asked

"How am I to know that this is all true" asked Keawe.

"Some of it you can try at once," replied the man. "Give me your \$30, take the bottle, and wish your \$30 back into your pocket. If that does not happen I pledge you my honor I will cry off the bargain and restore your money."

"You are not deceiving me?" said Keawe.
The man bound himself with a great oath.

"Well, I will risk that much," said Keawe, "for that can do no harm." And he paid over his money to the man and the man handed him the bottle. "Imp of the bottle," said Keawe, "I want my \$30 back." And, sure enough, he had scarce said the word before his pocket was as heavy as ever. "To be sure this is a wonderful bottle!" said Keawe.

man.

"Hold on," said Keawe, "I don't want any more of this fun. Here, take your bottle back."

"You have bought it for less than I pand for it," replied the gan, rubbing his hands. "It is yours now, and for my part I am only concerned to see the back of you." And with that he rang for his Chinese servant and had Keawe shown out of the bouse.

Now, when Keawe was in the street with the bottle under his arm he began to think. "If all is true about this bottle I may have made a losing hargain," thinks he. "But, perhaps, the man was only fooling me." The first thing he did was to count his money; the sum was exact, \$49 American

money and one Chili piece. "That looks like the truth," said Keawe. "Now I will try another HONORING THE MEMORY

money and one Chili piece. "That looks like the truth," said Keawe. "Now I will try another post."

The streets in that part of the city were as clean as a ship's decks, and though it was noon there were no passengers. Keawe set the bottle in the gutter and walked away. Twice he looked back, and there was the milky, round belied bottle where he left it. A third time he looked back and turned a corner; but he had scarce done so when something knocked upon his elbow, and behold! it was the long nock stickins up, and as for the round belly it was jammed into the pocket of his pilot coat.

"And that looks like the truth, too," said Keawe. The next thing he did was to buy a coriscrew in a shop, and go apart into a secret place in the fields. And there he tried to draw the cork; but as often as he put the screw in out it came again, and the cork as whole as ever.

"This is some new sort of cork," said Keawe, and all at once he began to shake and sweat, for he was afraid of that bottle.

On his way back to the port side he saw a shop where a man sold shells and clubs from the wild islands, old heathen deities, old coined money, pictures from China and Japan and all manner of things that sailors bring in their sea chests. And here he had an idea. So he went in and offered the bottle for \$100. The man of the shop laughed at him at the first and offered him \$5, but indeed it was a curious bottle, such glass was never blown in any human glasswork, so prettily the colors shone under the milky white, and so strangely the shadow hovered in the midst; so after he had disputed awhile after the manuer of his kind the shop nan gave Keawe sixty silver dollars for the thing and set it on a shelf in the midst of his window. "Now," said Keawe, "I have sold that for sixty which I bought for fifty, or, to say the truth,



"THIS IS A FINE HOUSE OF MINE," SAID THE MAN.

"This is a fine house of mine," said the Man.

a little less, because one of my dollars was from Chill. Now I shall know the truth upon another point."

So he went back on board his ship, and when he opened his chest there was the bottle, and it had come more quickly than himself. Now Keawe had a mate on board whose name was Lopaks.

"What alls you?" said Lopaks, "that you stare in your chest?"

They were alone in the ship's forecastle, and Keawe bound him to secreey and told all.

"This is a very strange affair," said Lopaka, "and I fear you will be in trouble about this bottle. But there is one point very clear—that you are sure of the trouble and you had better have the profit in the bargain. Make up your mind what you want with it, give the order, and if it is done as you desire I will buy the bottle mwelf, for I have an idea of my own to get a schooner and go trading through the islands."

"That is not my idea," said Keawe: "but to have a beautiful house and garden on the Kona coast, where I was born, the sun shining in at the door, flowers in the garden, glass in the windows, pictures on the walls and toys and fine carpets on the tables, for all the world like the house I was in this day, only a story higher and with balconies ail about like the king's palace; and to live there without care and make merry with my friends and relatives."

"Well," said Lopaka, "let us carry it back with us to Hawaii, and if all comes true, as you suppose, I will buy the bottle as I said, and ask a schooner."

Upon that they were agreed, and it was not long before the ship returned to Honolulu, carrying Keawe and Lopaka and the bottle. They were scarce come ashore when they met a friend upon the beach who began at once to condole with Keawe. "I do not know what I am to be condoled about," said Keawe.

"Is it possible you have not heard," said the friend. "Your uncle, that good old man, is dead, and your cousin, that beautiful boy, was drowned at sea."

Keawe was filled with sorrow, and beginning to weep and to lament, he forgot about the bottle. But Lopaka was thinking to himself, and presently, when Keawe's grief was a little abated, "I have been thinking," said Lopaka. "Had not your uncle lands in Hawaii, in the district of Kau?" "No," said Keawe, "not in Kau; they are on the mountain side, a little besouth Hookena."

"These lauds will be now yours?" asked Lopaka. "And so they will," said Keawe, and began again to lament for his relatives.
"No," said Lopaka, "do not lament at present. I have a thought in my mind. How if this should be the doing of the bottle? For here is the place ready for your house."

be the doing of the bottle? For here is the place ready for your house."
"If this be so," cried Keawe, "it is a very ill way to serve me by killing my relatives. But it may be, indeed; for it was in just such a station that I saw the house with my mind's eye."
"The house, however, is not yet built," said Lousle.

Lopaka.

"No; nor like to be!" says Keawe, "for though my uncle has some coffee and ava and banauas, it will not be more than will keep me in comfort; and the rest of that land is the black lava."

"Let us go to the lawyer," said Lopaka; "I have still this idea in my mind."

Now, when they came to the lawyer's it appeared Keawe's uncle had grown monstrous rich in the last days, and there was a fund of money.

"And here is the money for the house," cried Lopaka.

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"If you are thinking of a new house," said the lawyer, "here is the eard of a new architect of whom they tell me great things."

"Better and better!" cried Lopaka. "Here is all made plain for us. Let us continue to obey orders."

So they went to the architect, and he had drawings of houses on his table.

"You want something out of the way," said the architect. "How do you like this," and he handed a drawing to Keswe.

Now, when Keawe set eyes on the drawing he cried out aloud, for it was the picture of his thought exactly drawn.

"I am in for this house," thought he. "Little as I like the way it comes to me, I am in for it



HE OPENED HIS CHEST AND THERE WAS THE BOTTLE.

BOW, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."
So he told the architect all that he wished and how he would have that house furnished, and about the pictures on the wall and the knick heacks on the tables; and then he asked the man plainly for how much he would undertake the whole affair.

The architect put many questions, and took his pen and made a computation; and when he had done he named the very sum that feave had inherited.

Lopaka and Keawe looked at one another and

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"It is quite clear," thought Keawe, "that I am to have this house, whether or no. It comes from the devil, and I fear I will get little good by that. And of one thing I am sure, I will make no more wishes as long as I have this bottle. But with the house I am saddled, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he made his terms with the architect and they signed a paper; and Keawe and Lopaka took ship again and sailed to Australia; for it was concluded between them they should not interfere at all, but leave the architect and the bottle imp to build and to adorn that house at their own pleasure.

The voyage was a good voyage, only all the time Keawe was holding in his breath, for he had sworn he would after no more wishes and take no more favors from the devil; the time was up when they got back; the architect told them that the house was ready and Keawe and Lopaka took a passage in the Hall and went down Kona ways to view the house and see if all had been done fitly according to the thought that was in Keawe's mind.

OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

A Monument To Be Erected Over His Tomb by Popular Subscriptions.

SKETCH OF HIS ROMANTIC CAREER

After His Failure and Disappointment He Began Over Anew-Value of His Works-His Titled Subscribers-His Historic Mansion in Audubon Park, the Scene of Morse's Final Triumph-The Proposed Monument

After a period of forty years the memory of the greatest ornithologist America has given to the world will be honored by a monument erected by

popular subscriptions. In 1851 John James Audubon died in his manor house on Washington Heights, overlooking the Hudson, in what is known as Audubon Park even to this day. A family vault was built in a secluded spot near the southern limit of Trinity Cemetery. It was marked by a granite slab set over the entrance bearing the family name. Here were afterward interred the remains of the great naturalist's widow, his two sons and their dead. Last winter, owing to some needed alterations in the cemetery grounds, a new vault was built. In addition to this reason there was one other for the removal of the family sepulchre. For several years a number of gentlemen connected prominently with Trinity parish had been endeavoring to secure the consent of the descendants of the natu ralist to the removal of his remains to a more conspicuous spot. When this consent had at last been obtained the Cemetery Committee recom-mended as a site for the vault a gentle prominence in the eastern division of the cemetery, on the 155th street side, opposite what will be the exten-

tion. The shart is covered on both sides with soulptured figures of birds and animals of this country, a committee of naturalists and ornithologists having been appointed to make the selection for that purpose.

At the base of the shalt are two inscriptions from the Benedicite:—"O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord. Praise Him and magnify Him forever." "O ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord. Praise Him and magnify Him forever." "And on the opposite side, "O ye children of men, bless ye the Lord. Praise Him and magnify Him forever." and the last verse from the last of the Pealms, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

It will be one of the largest Runfo crosses ever erected in this country.

This is not the first attempt that has been made to secure a proper memorial for the great naturalist. In 1808, during the lifetime of his widow, the project of creeting a monument in Central Park was widely discussed, but for some reason it came to naught.

to secure a proper memorial for the great naturalist. In 1869, during the lifetime of his widew, the project of crecting a monument in Central Park was widely discussed, but for some reason it came to magnt.

There are potent reasons why Audubon's memory should be honored by this country other than the one already given. His sterling mannood, his noble generosity, his wonderful patience, unflagging determination and his undaunted courage under the most discouraging of circumstances marked him as a man whose life should serve as an example for future generations, and whose name should be held high so long as time lasts.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

The career of the artist-naturalist reads like a romance; its scenes are laid in the early part of this consury; and their chief actor was contemporary with some of the greatest men of the past. Audubon's father, Admiral Audubon, came to this country from France with Rochambeau to fight for the cause of liberty, and was present at the siege of Yorktown. The family have among their heirlooms a portrait painted shortly after that stirring event, in which General Washington and other Continental chieftains, together with the Admiral, ser represented. When the war of the Revolution was ended the Admiral visited Louisiana, bought a plantation and reft his large Freunch estates in care of his relatives. He never returned to his house, On this plantation Audubon was born in 181. When he was a mere lad his father sent him to Paris to be educated. The boy was passionately fond of pictures and of drawing, of ou door life, nature and natura history, and he therefore chose art for his profession. He studied in the studie of David, the famous painter of the First Empire. While the young artist was pursuing his studies he learned that a relative had left him handsome estate called Mill Place, near Philadelphin. He set out for America at once to claim his inheritance. Near the Audubon, and was a reigning beauty in her day.

MANNEAGE AND FAILURE.

With her oldest daughter, Lucy, young Audubo

istate to sealey auddenly reduced from wealth to absolute poverty.

It was about this time that he determined to retrieve his failen fortunes by the exercise of his brush and his knowledge of the birds of the wild regions where his business life had been spent. He therefore sent his wife and two sons to Louisiana, where they had friends, and started out into the wilderness to make his first systematic study of that branch of science of which no greater master has yet been born. He had with him note books, colors, brushes, a rifle, horse and ammunition and little else. For three years he journeyed through the almost trackless forests, studying the habits of birds, classifying the various species and making exhaustive studies in pencil and color of their form and plumage.

exhaustive studies in pencil and color of their form and plumage.

Meanwhile his noble wife became a governess in a wealthy French family and afterward established a private school in Bayou Sara. This proved to be a successful venture, and during the three years that clarged before her husband's return she had educated her sons and saved several thousand dollars. When the naturalist again reached civilization he had drawings and notes of inestimable

value to the world of science and of great pecuniary worth to himself. His three years of work represented a fortune, although at that time he was not aware of that fact. He stopped a winter in New Orleans before visiting his family. It was his purpose then to geturn to the woods in the spring, and rather than subsist in idleness upon his wife's savings he established a dancing class in the Southern metropolis. Finally he took advice from some eminent naturalists, Prince Lucien Bonaparte among the number, and determined to risk his venture as it was. Accordingly he visited his family and was persuaded to go to England with his wife's money, submit samples of his drawings to the London scientists and secure subscriptions for his published work.

His English visit was wonderfully successful. He secured subscriptions for 100 sets of volumes at \$1,000 each, all the engravings to be colored by hand under his supervision and from his original color sketches.

Irecently ontained a list of the subscribers to this original work from a member of the family, and a few of the names may have more than a passing interest to the reader. Among the New York subscribers were James G. King, Cornelius Low, Edward Prime, Dr. P. J. Suyvesant, Robert Ray, J. L. Joseph, Richard N. Carman, Mrs. Bailey, Hogden Haggerty, W. L. Cohnan, Samuel Swartout, James Watson Webb, Thomas H. Faite, Lewis Rogers, Dr. J. Van Bensselaer, H. C. De Rham and Stephen A. Haisey. Dr. Stephen Van Ransselaer, of Ibany, Daniel Websier, and Henry Clay were also among the original subscribers.

But the hopes of the young naturalist were doomed to disappointment, and in the great disaster that met him upon his return to America the noblest traits in his character came to the surface. When he reached New York where he had left the greater and rarest part of his drawings, and discovered to the surface.



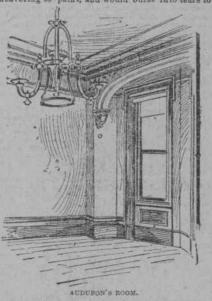
in the eastern division of the cemetery, on the 1868th street side, opposite what will be the extension of Adubbon areaue and within sight of his former residence in Adubbon Park.

THE PROPOSED MONUMENT.

The vestry accepted this proposition, and it was then deeded to erect a monument over his remains in freegoiition of the great services remidered by him to the natural history of this country, and the state ition of the Advancement of Science, but no action was taken by that body at the time. Seon afterward in describing the incident, "in walking to the advancement of Science, but no action was taken by that body at the time. Seon afterward in describing the incident, "in walking to the advancement of Science, but no action was taken by that body at the time. Seon afterward in describing the incident, "in walking to the appear of the variety of the advancement of Science, but no action was taken by that body at the time. Seon afterward in describing the incident, "in walking to the appear of the variety of the supper and of the island in the same that body and gave way to vain regrets. That after the upper and of the large way to vain regrets. That after the advancement of Science, but no action was taken by that body at the interpretary that the time. Seon afterward in describing the incident, "in walking to walk a staken by that body at the time," I saw the theory and gave way to vain regrets. That after the advancement of Science, but no action was taken by that body and the sound at the time, so the state of the supper and of the large ward to warm a gave way to vain regrets. That after the proposition of the Advancement of Science, but no action the state of the supper and the supper and the way as a constraint of the proposition was taken by the supper and the proposition of the supper and the proposition of the same and the constraint of the supper and the proposition of the same and the constraint of the sound and the supper and the proposition and the proposition of the same and the proposition of the

Audubon Park. The wire and instruments were carried across the river in a rowboat, and the instrument was set up in the laundry of the mansion. From this old room, which is to-day precisely as it was nearly half a century ago, the first telegraph message ever sent from Manhattan Island was flashed across the wire to Philadelphia recording the success of the experiment. It was sent in the presence of Professor Morse, Audubon and his entire family. The wire remained there a few days until it was carried down to the city.

Shortly after this Audubon started out on horseback for the head waters of the Missouri. He was then over sixty years of age, but as strong and active as he was twenty years before. This trip lasted for nearly two years. He was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. John Bachman, whose two daughters had recently married Audubon's two sons, and was engaged in preparing a history of the quadrupeds of America. Soon after his return and long before this valuable work was completed Audubon's health gave way. He was first afflicted with a loss of memory. He spent hours in endeavoring to paint, and would burst into tears to



find that his efforts were worse than unavailing. In his youth he Lad broken his right arm by a fall from his horse and had taught himself to paint equally well with either hand, but in this stratt both hands had lost their cunning.

In 1847 his bedchamber was moved down stairs adjoining his old painting room, and there he died in February, 1851. Trinity Cemetery had just been laid out and the Audubon vault was the accond one that was built in it.

The "History of Quadrupeds" was afterward completed by Dr. Bacuman and his two sons in law. Both of the Doctor's daughters died soon after their marriage and the widowers each married for a second time. At their death they left eleven living children, three of whom still live in this city. Both Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse Audubon were gifted artists. They were among the founders of the National Academy and were academicians and took high rank among the artists of that day. Their mother died in Kentucky in 1854, agreed eighty eight years, and is buried beside her husband.

The old manor house was sold by the naturalist's widow in 1864, and was bought by the late Jesse W. Benedict, Last year it was sold by his family to William Eramer. It has been modernized since it passed out of the Audubon family. A Mansard roof has been added and bow windows extended from the front and rear sides. The basement, however, and the first floor are practically unchanged.

The mensy for the proposed monument is not entirely subscribed, and Dr. Eggleston announces that it is proposed by the committee to secure 100 subscriptions of \$100 each. The following gentiemen have aiready subscribed \$100 each to the fund:—

Andrew G. Carnegie.

George N. Lawrence,
Thomas A. Edison.

A. E. Leve.

George N. Lawrence, A. A. Low. William E. Dodge, William Schormerhors Lloyd Phoenix. Other and smaller subscriptions will gladly be received. It is hoped that the entire sum may be contributed so that the memorial may be dedicated this fall, just forty years after the death of the distinguished scientist whose noble life it will POOR CHICAGO

KIPLING-STRUCK.

America's Young Prodigy from an Extremely Oriental Point of View.

WRITING DOWN TO INDIAN LEVELS

Rudyard Kipling Tells What He Could Not Learn About Chicago in Ten Hours.

I know thy cunning and thy greed. Thy hard high lust and wilful deed, And all thy glory loves to tell Of specious gifts material.

Chicago. The other places do not count. San Francisco was

a pleasure-resort as well as a city, and Salt Lake was a phenomenon. This place is the first American city I have encountered. It holds rather more than a million people with bodies and stands on the same sert of soil

as Calcutta. Having seen it I urgently desire

never to see it again. It is inhabited by saveges. Its water is the water of the Hughli, and its air is dirt. Also it says that it is the "boss" town of I do not believe that it has anything to do with this country. They told me to go to the Palmer House, which is overmuch gilded and mirrored, and there I found a buge hall of tesselated marble crammed with people talking about money and spitting about everywhere. Other barbarians charged in and out of this inferno with letters and telegrams in their hands,

and yet others shouted at each other. A man who had drunk quite as much as was good for him told me that this was "the finest botel in the finest city on God Almighty's earth." By the way, when an American wishes to indicate the next country or State, he says, "God A'mighty's earth." This prevents discussion and flatters his vanity. Then I went out into the streets, which are long and flat and without end. And verily it is not a good

thing to live in the East for any length of time. Your ideas grow to clash with those held by every right thinking man. I looked down interminable vistas flanked with nine, ten, and fifteen storied houses, and crowded with men and women, and the show impressed me with a great horror.

Except in London-and I have forgotten what London was like-I had never seen so many white pro-ple together and never such a collection of miserables. There was no color in the street and no beauty-only a maze of wire ropes overhead and dirty stone flagging under foot.

THROUGH A CAB DRIVER'S LENS. A cab driver volunteered to show me the glory of the town for so much an hour and with him I wandered far. He conceived that all this turmoil and squash was a thing to be reverently admired, that it was good to huddle men together in fifteen layers, one stop of the other, and to dig holes in the ground for

He said that Chicago was a live town and that all the creatures hurrying by me were engaged in business. That is to say they were trying to make some money that they might not die through lack of food to put into their bellies. He took me to cannis black as ink, and filled with untold abominations, and bade me watch the stream of traffic across the bridges.

He then took me into a saloon, and, while I drank, made me note that the floor was covered with coins sunk in cement. A Hottentot would not have been guilty of this sort of barbarism. The colns made an effect pretty enough, but the man who put them there had no thought to beauty and therefore he was a

Then my cab driver showed me business blocks, gay with signs and studded with fantastic and absurd advertisements of goods, and looking down the long street so adorned it was as though each vendor stood at his door howling:—
"For the sake of money employ or buy of me and me only!"

me only!"

Have you ever seen a crowd at a famine relief distribution? You know then how the men leap into the air, stretching out their arms above the crowd in the hope of being seen; while the women dolor-ously slap the stomachs of their children and whimper. I had sooner watch famine relief than the white man engaged in what he calls legitimate competition. The one I understand. The other makes one III.

onely sign the stormachs of their children and whimper. I had sooner watch famine relief than the white man engaged in what he calls legitimate competition. The one I understand. The other makes in III.

And the cabman said that these things were the proof of progress, and by that I knew he had been reading his newspaper as every intelligent American should. The papers tell their clientels in language fitted to their comprehension that the santling together of telegraph wires, the heaving up of houses and the making of money is progress.

DONE IN TEN ROUSE.

I spent ten hours in that higs wilderness, wandering through scores of miles of these terible sixeets and josting some few hundred thousand of these terible people who talked pais has through their noses.

The calman left me; but after a while I picked up another man who was full of figures, and into my ears he poured them as occasion required out so many hundred thousand dallars' worth of such an article; there so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million other things; this house was, worth so many million offers and the untoo that I was it was the was th

to enter into daily life. Consequently, I presume he introduced it as daily life—ble own and the life of his friends.

Then I escaped before the blessing, desiring no benediction at such hands. But the persons who listened seemed to enjoy themselves, and I understand that I had met with a popular preacher.

Later on when I had perused the sermions of a gentleman called Talmage and some others. I perceived that I had been listening to a very mild specimen. Not that man with his brutal gold and silver idols, his binds in-pocket cigar-in-mouth and hat-on-the-back-of-the-bead style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would count himself spiritually quite compotent to send a mission to convert the Indians.

All that Sunday I listened to people who said that the mere fact of spiking down strips of iron to wood and setting a steam and iron thing to rim along them was progress. That the foll-phone was progress, and the network of whese overbead was progress. They repented their statements again and again.

One of them took me to their City Hall and Board of Trade works and pointed it out with pride it was very ugly but very big, and the streets in front of it were narrow and unclean. When I saw the faces of the men who did business in that building I felt that there had been a mistake in their billeting.

Wetting DOWN TO HIS AUDININGE.

have to fall into feigned ecstacles over the marvallous progress of Chicago since the days of the great fire, to allude casually to the raising of the entire city semany feet above the level of the lake which it faces, and generally to groved before the golden calf. But you, who are desperately poor, and therefore by the content of the lake which it has account, know them of no account, know themselved when of no account they have managed the bold of these men together appear to a lower than Mahajana and not so companionable as a Funjabl Jat after hervest.

But I don't think it was the blind burry of the people, their argot, and their grand ignorance of things beyond their immediate interests that displeased mass much as a study of the dally papers of Chinago. Imprimia, there was some sort of a dispute between New York and Chicago as to which town should give an exhibition of products to be hereafter beiden and through the medium of their more digntified journals the two cities were ya-hooing and hityling at each other like opposition newsboy. They called it lumon, but it sounded like something nuite different. That was only the tress trouble. The second lay in the tone of the productions. Leading articles which include gens such as "Back of such and such a place," or We noticed, Tuesday, such an event," with thankfulness. All that mele no become with the control of the productions which include gens such as "faced of such and such a place," or We noticed, Tuesday, such an event," with thankfulness. All that mele no because of the excited dishville. I am steroly forbidden to believe that the paper educates the public. Then I am compelled to believe that the public deducts the paper, yet suicides on the press are rare.

Statuck at Protection was shillings for a travelling cap would afford it. He said that the Government in called points.

I had chanced to par about six shillings for a travelling cap you ca

ally keeps the village posted in such gossily as the bereter and the midwife have not yet made public property.

Chicago husks and winnows her wheat by the million bushels, a hundred banks lend hundreds of millions of dollars in the year and scores of factories turn outplough gear and machinery by steam. Scores of deally papers do work which Hukm Chund and the berber and the midwife perform, with due regard for public opinion, in the village of isser Jang. So far as manufactures go, the difference between Chicago on the lake and Isser Jang on the Montgomery road is one of degree only and not of kind. As far as the understanding of the uses of life goes Isser Jang, for sli its seasonal cholers, has the advantage over Chicago.

Jovala Singh knows and takes care to avoid the three or four ghoul haunted fields on the outskirts of the village; but he is not urged by millions of desils to run about all day in the sun and swear that his ploughshares are the best in the Punjab; nor does Perrum Dass fly forth in an ekka more than one or twices a year, and he knows, on a pinch, how to use the railway and the telegraph as well as any son of Israel in Chicago. But this is absurd.

The East is not the West, and these men must continue to deal with the machinery of life and to call in progress. Their very preachers dare not rebuke facm. They gloss over the hunting for money and the thrice sharpened bitterness of Adam's curse by saying that such things dower a man with a larger range of thoughts and higher aspirations. They do not say.

"Free yourselves from your own slavery," but rather. If you can possibly manage it, do not set quite so much store on the things of this world." And they do not know what the things of this world." And they do not know what the things of this world." And they do not know what the things of this world." And they

If went off to see cattle killed by way of clearing my bead, which, as yow will perceive, was getting middled. They say every Englishman zoes to the chicago stock-yards. You shall find them about air miles from the city; and once having soon them you will never forget the sight.

As far as the ere can neven stretches a township of cuttopens, cumingly dirlied into blocks so that the control of the control of